O'CALLAGHAN MEMORIAL

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A MEMORIAL

TO

JOHN O'CALLAGHAN

Property of:
Emma Hayes
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O'Callaghan Memorial Committee

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Dr. Henry V. McLaughlin

John Woods

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JOHN O'CALLAGHAN

JOHN O'CALLAGHAN, Nature's Nobleman, was born in Killavullen, Mallow, County Cork, Ireland, October 18, 1865. He was educated in the National Schools. Mastering shorthand when a mere boy, he went to work on the "Cork Herald," and later on the "Cork Examiner." Even then he took an active interest in Irish affairs. Longing for the freedom denied him at home and with heart bleeding for his suffering country, he came to America in 1887.

Joining the staff of the "Boston Globe," he was for some time private secretary to the Managing Editor. His first important newspaper work in America was in the gubernatorial campaigns of William E. Russell. Representing the "Globe," he accompanied the youthful Governor in his three contests, and aroused his admiration by the thorough manner in which the work was done. He reported the celebrated Trefethen case in both trials, and the famous trial of the seaman, Bram. Gifted with a marvellous memory, he interviewed with remarkable accuracy, scores of prominent men, National and International.

All the time he kept in close touch with Irish events and sent weekly letters, teeming with information, to the "Cork Examiner" and the "Dublin Weekly Freeman." He was chief organizer of the United Irish League in New York

in 1901, and at its first National Convention in Boston, in 1902, he was elected National Secretary, which position he held at the time of his death.

A tireless worker, he not only attended to the onerous routine business of the League office and conducted a monthly journal, but travelled here and there and everywhere to organize public meetings and address them and to form branches of the League, while all the time attending to his regular newspaper duties on the "Globe."

He visited Ireland in 1893, 1903, 1906, 1907, 1909 and 1912.

He watched through the night and saw the sunrise of Irish hopes, but was destined, like Moses, to see, but never enter, the Promised Land, his death having occurred on Sunday morning, July 27, 1913.

Ireland's loss in his death, and the high esteem in which Mr. O'Callaghan was held by the press and people of two countries, are feelingly voiced in the following few extracts from many tributes:

"It is a national disaster and a bitter personal bereavement."—*John E. Redmond, M. P.*

"His work was of incalculable value to the Irish cause."—*William H. K. Redmond, M. P.*

"One of the staunchest nationalists I have ever known."—*Patrick O'Brien, M. P.*

"A great, good and just man gone."—*Chicago Citizen.*

"He was the embodiment of energy, and was the life of the cause in America."—*John Dillon, M.P.*

"He spent his life for the amelioration of his fellow countrymen."—*Catholic Register, Kansas City.*

"In O'Callaghan's death, Ireland mourns the loss of her greatest worker in America."—*Joseph Devlin, M. P.*

"His encyclopedic knowledge of Irish affairs, general, local and personal, showed what a marvellous intellect he possessed."—*Captain Edward O'Meagher Condon.*

"Ireland lost a great protector, and democratic government a warm friend."—*Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S. J.*

"He was the soul of the Irish movement, the pen and voice of the Irish Party in America."—*Michael J. Ryan.*

"John O'Callaghan was the essence of Irish patriotism. Ireland never yet produced a nobler son."—*M. F. Dever.*

"No nation in her struggle for freedom had a more worthy son than did Ireland in John O'Callaghan, or a son who in times of peace got greater results."—*Hon. John F. Fitzgerald.*

"Ireland was his love and the object of his religious devotion. For Ireland he lived, and for Ireland he died. The memorial he would wish is Ireland's freedom."—*Lady Gregory.*

"Devotion to his ideals made him the great leader he was, and an undying loyalty made him a great and beloved man among the people of his race everywhere."—*Edward J. Drey.*

"John O'Callaghan worked harder and rendered more effective service for Ireland than any other man of his generation."—*Edward J. Gallagher.*

"The cause of Home Rule has lost one who stood in the forefront of its most able, zealous, and indefatigable workers."—*Hon. Charles J. Doherty.*

"No truer son of Ireland ever labored in her cause, or devoted more time, energy or talent to her service."—*The Irish Parliamentary Party.*

"John O'Callaghan had so ardent a spirit, so generous a heart, convictions so honest and so vehement, that he spent himself in incessant work. He was more like a dynamo than a creature of flesh and blood."—*T. P. O'Connor, M. P.*

"The real heart of his greatness was his eagerness to serve mankind. Service with him was not self-sacrifice, it was but the self-expression of the great unselfish man John O'Callaghan was."—*Boston Globe.*

"He was the most valuable man that was ever connected with the League, and knew more about the history of the Irish cause than any other man in this country."—*Augustine J. Daly.*

"John O'Callaghan was the life and moving spirit of the United Irish League here. It was a pleasure and a privilege to have known him, and thousands of his fellow countrymen will be better off and happier because he lived."—*Patrick Ford.*

"Aside from the Irish question John O'Callaghan will be sincerely missed by his hosts of friends and fellow workers in the newspaper business, for there was no more and modest genuinely capable and absolutely fair man in it than John O'Callaghan."—*Boston Post.*

"His absolute spirit of honesty, his indomitable energy, his unquestioning spirit of loyalty, his readiness at every time to give himself to the cause of Ireland, marked him as a man whose like is rarely ever seen."—*Dublin Freeman's Journal.*

"Unselfish devotion, reinforced by deeds, was the salient trait of John O'Callaghan's character. Another trait was his capacity for persistent effort. He never halted, never wavered, never was diverted from his high purpose. Such services as he performed, both officially and unofficially, for promoting Home Rule for Ireland, can never be justly estimated in money."—*General Charles H. Taylor.*

"When the news was flashed from Boston that John O'Callaghan was dead, a thrill of real personal loss was carried to every Irishman, and every friend of Ireland's cause the world over. Many men are statesmen, many are leaders, many are warriors, the world is full of

sterling-hearted men, loveable men, earnest workers, high-souled idealists, but men who combine all these virtues under one modest, unassuming exterior are very few indeed,—such a man was John O'Callaghan. From the first day in his early youth when he enrolled himself under the banner that Michæl Davitt flung out over the ranks of a united Ireland, John O'Callaghan has been in the vanguard. He never shirked and he never spared himself in the big task that was his life work. And when John O'Callaghan spoke, Irish-America responded. He was known, trusted, and loved. He never failed his friends as he never failed Ireland, as he never failed the truth."—*The Irish World.*

CA GHAN

In St. Paul's Cemetery, Arlington, on the grave of John O'Callaghan, there was unveiled on Thursday morning, December 27, 1917, a Celtic Cross. It is a tribute from a few close friends, men and women, who were intimately associated with him in his work, both as an Irish leader and a newspaperman.

In keeping with the life of the man whose memory was being honored, the ceremonies were simple. The monument was unveiled by Eleanor, the youngest daughter of Mr. O'Callaghan. It bears this inscription:

JOHN O'CALLAGHAN
Died July 27, 1913
Age 48 Years

"One of the Noblest of God's Creatures
Whose love for Ireland was the Soul of his Being."

Rev. Dr. Joseph V. Tracey, pastor of St. Columbkille's Church, Brighton, where Mr. O'Callaghan was a parishioner, offered prayer. Dr. James T. Gallagher, chairman of the committee in charge of the fund for the monument, then epitomized in a brief address the great work done for Ireland by their comrade, and the love and loyalty cherished by his intimate friends. Dr. Gallagher said:

"To remember and pray for the dead are holy things, too often forgotten. To honor the

memory of the dear departed is and should be a sacred duty. We are here today to honor one we all knew and dearly loved.

"John O'Callaghan was no ordinary man—no fair-weather sailor on the stormy sea of Irish politics. Many good and great men toiled, suffered, and died that Ireland might live, but not one of them more fully typified the unselfish patriot or the tireless toiler than the late National Secretary of the United Irish League.

"In early youth, in his native Cork, he saw the Ireland of his dreams rag-garmented on the hills and bowed with the weight of centuried wrong, and with the chivalry of the knights of old, and the enthusiasm of the Crusaders, he went forth to lighten her load, to garb her in glory, and crown her with the diadem of her long-lost liberty.

"In pursuit of his dream he crossed the Atlantic and was the soul of the Irish movement in America. He was a good citizen and loved America, though he worshipped Ireland. With remarkable power and tireless pen he pictured for American eyes, poor Erin's woes. No trumpet blared his onslaughts on the citadel of merciless power, but they were effective. Gradually right was winning her way.

"Slowly but surely, the night of her sorrow was moving towards the day. But just as the dawn he longed to see was gladdening the Irish

hills, his pure spirit winged its way to the bosom of its God. Sorrow clouded the movement he created, for he left no successor. But may we not hope the God of Justice will soon make real his life-long dream?

"The Celtic Cross here raised to sentinel his sleep, is not a national monument. It is erected to his memory by a few co-workers. It symbolizes our love for the noble and true. The finger of Time may erase his name from its granite shaft, the breath of centuries may crumble it to dust, and the grave it marks may be forgotten, but the worth it commemorates will live in Ireland's memory while the green grass mantles her meadows and the heather waves on her purple hills."

Present at the unveiling were:

Rev. Dr. Joseph V. Tracey, Brighton; Dr. James T. Gallagher, Charlestown; John Woods, South Boston; Dr. Henry V. McLaughlin, Brookline; Mary, Margaret, John and Eleanor O'Callaghan, children of John O'Callaghan; Mr. and Mrs. Patrick O'Callaghan, Brighton; John Fitzgerald, Washington, D. C.; Robert Foye and Edward Foye, Quincy; Mrs. Thomas Hogan, Cambridge; Miss Margaret Fitzgerald, Brighton; Patrick J. Slane, Dorchester; Mrs. Jeremiah Cronin, South Boston; Mrs. Peter McKenna, South Boston; Patrick Powers, South Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Fox, South Boston; Mrs. John Barrett, Brighton; Mrs. Charles Baszel, New Jersey; John M. Stenson, Jamaica Plain; James Hayes, South Boston; Thomas F. O'Malley, Cambridge; Miss Mary B. Delaney, South Natick; James T. Sullivan, Allston.

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At a memorial meeting for John O'Callaghan, held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, Sunday evening, September 28, 1913. the following poem, written for the occasion, was read by Dr. James T. Gallagher:

Will he never see thy splendor, Innisfail?
He that loved thee when thy star of hope was pale,
Will he never pen the story of the sunburst's golden glory
As it waves a nation's symbol o'er the triumph of the Gael,
As it flashes forth triumphant o'er the hosting of the Gael?

Will he never organize a League procession,
Nor rebuke the pseudo patriot's trangression?
Will his mouth be only clay and his pencil laid away
When at last shall break the morning on thy new-redeemed possession,
He that lived and died to win for thee the nation's intercession?

When the universe shall rock with jubilations,
As thou take thy olden place among the nations,
When thy people riches bring thee, and thy poets praise and sing thee,
And thy banished sons returning shall be hailed with acclamations,
Must his tongue be chained in silence that had voiced thy tribulations?

Ah, he loved thee with a love beyond explaining,
And he toiled for thee forever uncomplaining,
With a heart as true as Tone's, and a spirit brave as Owen's,
And a purpose high as Emmet's, all the Saxon power disdaining,
He aimed to make thee free and great—a nation self-sustaining!

He was ever with the dawning and the sunlight,
And he saw the silver lining in thy dark night,
Oh, his heart will never stay in its gloomy house of clay,
When the thunder of the cheering shall proclaim thy crowning glory,
And his soul shall hover round thee, to inspire thy future story!

To thy loving bosom take him, Motherland,
He will sleep a little softer on thy strand.
Make for him an Irish grave, in some ancient abbey nave,
Where the shamrocks shall be greener for sweet dews and breezes bland,
And the Celtic Cross above him, like a sentinel, shall stand.

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